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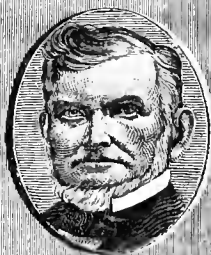
# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



*GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.*



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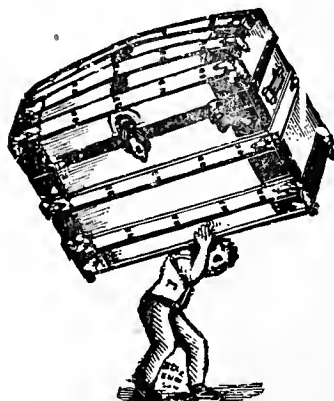
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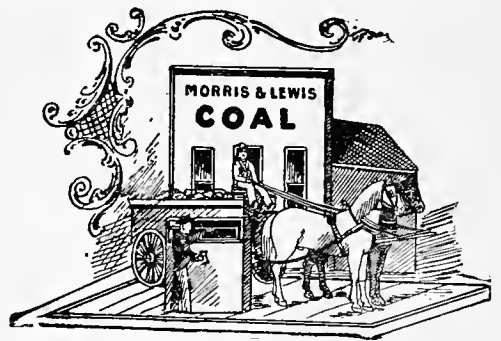
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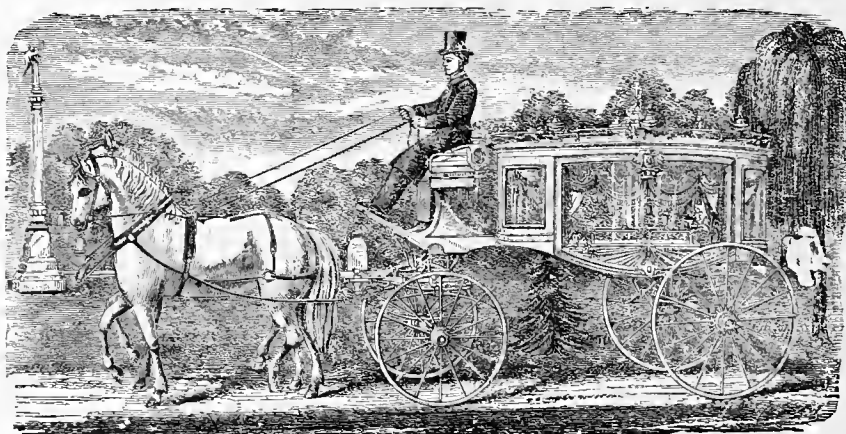


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Read the following symptoms over carefully, mark those that you feel in your case and bring them in person or send them by mail to DR. G. W. SHORES, and he will tell you whether you can be cured, how long it will take, and just what it will cost, BEFORE YOU PAY OUT A CENT.

## The Head and Throat.

This form of catarrh is most common—resulting from neglected colds—quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Is the nose stopped up?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Is the nose sore and tender?  
Is there pain in front of head?  
Do you hawk to clear the throat?  
Is your throat dry in the morning?  
Do you sleep with your mouth open?  
You can be easily cured now—don't let it run into complications.

## The Bronchial Tubes.

When catarrh of the head and throat is neglected or wrongly treated it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and after awhile attacks the lungs. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Have you a cough?  
Do you take cold easily?  
Have you a pain in the side?  
Do you raise frothy material?  
Do you cough in the mornings?  
Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?  
Do you feel you are growing weaker?  
Don't risk neglecting these warnings—stop the disease before it reaches the lungs?

## Of the Ears.

Catarrh extends from the throat along the eustachian tubes into the ears, causing partial or complete deafness. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Is your hearing failing?  
Do your ears discharge?  
Is the wax dry in your ears?  
Do you hear better some days than others?  
Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?  
Don't neglect this until your hearing is irreparably destroyed. Doctor Shores can cure you now.

## Kidney Disease.

Results in two ways, by taking cold and by overworking the kidneys in separating from the blood the catarrhal poisons which affect all organs. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Do your hands and feet swell?  
Is this noticed more at night?  
Is there pain in small of back?  
Has the perspiration a bad odor?  
Is there puffiness under the eyes?  
Do you have to get up often at night?  
Is there a deposit in urine if left standing?  
Don't neglect these signs and risk Bright's disease killing you. Cure it now.

## Liver Disease.

The liver is affected by catarrhal poisons extending from the stomach into the ducts of the liver. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Do you get dizzy?  
Have you cold feet?  
Do you feel miserable?  
Do you get tired easily?  
Do you have hot flashes?  
Are your spirits low at times?  
Do you have rumbling in bowels?  
These are the seven simple signs indicating disease of the liver. If you have any or all of them, seek Doctor Shores now and be cured.

## Of the Stomach.

Catarrh of the stomach is usually caused by swallowing mucus which drops down from the head and throat at night. Quickly cured with little cost by Doctor Shores' famous treatment.

Is there nausea?  
Do you belch up gas?  
Are you constipated?  
Is your tongue coated?  
Do you bloat up after eating?  
Is there constant bad taste in the mouth?  
Now is the time to be permanently cured. Doctor Shores is curing hundreds every week.

## Of the Nerves.

Are you nervous?  
Have you no energy?  
Is your memory poor?  
Is there a feeling of unrest?  
Is your mind often confused?  
Do you often have a lump in your throat?  
Are your hands often wet with perspiration?  
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1896.

No. 8.



FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, CAIRO, EGYPT.

## A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

It need hardly be said that the accompanying picture represents a scene in a Mohammedan land. The style of architecture is plainly that which has come down to us as Moorish or Arabesque, and which is identified in all respects with

Islamism; but even if this feature were less evident, the presence of the turbaned, loose-gowned figures would make the matter clear. The artist has depicted a Mohammedan scene in a Mohammedan country, and when we say that it is a mosque, or a portion thereof, we only

state that which most of our readers would have readily guessed. These mosques are the temples or places of worship of the followers of the Arabian prophet, and in many respects the thousands of them that have been built all resemble each other in many of their important features. The City of Cairo, a few miles above the delta of the Nile in Egypt, has itself over four hundred mosques, to say nothing of other churches. Some of them are historically famous by reason of their antiquity, their costliness, their beauty, or the fame of their builders and the circumstances under which they were constructed. The one selected by the artist for the illustration of this article has none of these claims to greatness; yet it stands on one of the most historic spots of the rare old Egyptian city, possesses numerous architectural charms, and was built by a sovereign who made for himself quite a name in his country and among his people.

What we see before us is the fountain of ablutions in the mosque of Mahommed Ali, at Cairo. Of the city itself, other articles in this journal have frequently spoken. Of the builder, it will perhaps be enough to say that he rose to be governor of Egypt in the beginning of this century by his energy and his military prowess, and held the control during many tempestuous years, dying in 1849. He was ambitious, firm, and shrewd enough to see the value of, and adopt as far as he could, European civilization. One fearful blot rests upon his memory, the massacre of the Mameluke chiefs who had been lured into his citadel, right near the mosque which bears his name, and there cruelly slew every one. But the constitution of the government of the country is due to him; he had high executive and military abilities, and his career is almost unequalled in Egyptian

history. Considering his training and surroundings, he is fairly entitled to be considered one of the most remarkable men of the century.

Among other works prosecuted by him for the improvement of his capital city, our article only requires that we refer to the mosque bearing his name, built of oriental alabaster, near the famous citadel built by the mighty Saladin about the year 1166. The mosque occupies the sight of an ancient building known as Joseph's Wall, and in its center is what is called Joseph's Well, sunk in the solid rock to the level of the Nile. These temples of Mohammedan worship generally have an open court, surrounded by covered sanctuaries. The building in question is constructed on this plan; and in the open court yard is the place or fountain of ablutions, a spot much resorted to in view of the repeated bathings in connection with the numerous daily prayers which all good Mohammedans offer. In fact the ablution is an indispensable part of the service, and it is so literally observed that travelers in the desert, far removed from water, prostrate themselves when the hour of prayer arrives and perform their washings with sand instead of water. J.

---

### A PIMA WAIF.

#### CHAPTER II.

A couple of years after the adventure with the bear, father leased a fine range in a distant part of Arizona and moved his flocks and herds to it. The family of course accompanied him, Chip exhibiting an unusual flow of spirits at the prospect of a change.

He did not appear to have any love of locality, such as is generally exhibited in affection for the spot which we have



once called home. The nomadic spirit of his ancestry cropped out all over him on this trip, and he raced over the country like a little demon, until father, out of pity for Eagle, made the little savage ride the rest of the way in the wagon.

Our new house, built of squared pine logs, stood in a large canyon, and the scenery all about was full of wild sublimity.

The sunsets, in particular, were to me a source of constant delight. About a mile to the west of us a range of hills upreared their pine-clad summits. At the close of a fine day—and they were nearly all fine in Arizona—the slipping away of the sun behind this range was a picture of resplendent sublimity. Orange and crimson, purple and gold, banners of blue and mystic shapes of white, seemed to blend with and weave themselves into the delicate traces of the pines on the mountain tops; while the eloquent silence over all voiced the eternal hills' "Good night" to the departing luminary.

Father was extremely anxious that I should develop a strong physical constitution, and to this end he urged me to indulge in horseback riding at every opportunity. He cautioned me, however, never to stray from the main-traveled road, as the country round about us was extremely rough and confusing, and to one unfamiliar with it, a ride of twenty or thirty miles without a guide was a very serious matter. Dark and forbidding canyons intersected the hills in every direction, each one of which, to the uninitiated, was as much like its neighbor as two peas resemble each other. Numerous stories were current of people who had become lost in the mountains, and wandered about for days without food or shelter.

Chip frequently attended me on my

rides, an arrangement which was very satisfactory to my parents, as his reputation for courage had been at high-water mark ever since he had killed the bear. Had they known, however, that his roving propensities often tempted us into the gloomy recesses of the hills, they might not have been so well pleased. Yet I had perfect confidence in the little Pima's ability as a guide, and that with good reason, as the sequel will show. No matter how many turns and twists and doublings we made in our excursions, when the time came to return his nose pointed as straight for home as does the magnetic needle to the pole. The path-finding instinct of the savage, perfected and handed down to him through many generations of wandering ancestors, enabled him to explore the trackless wilds with the same assurance that the dweller in cities feels in the familiar streets about his home. Our nearest neighbor, a Mr. Cottrell, lived about fifteen miles to the west of us. His only child, Clara, had paid us a visit shortly after our arrival in the country, and I had promised to return the courtesy at the first opportunity.

"Mamma, dear, may I go over to Cottrell's, and stay a few days with Clara?" I asked at the breakfast table one morning.

"Yes, dear, when one of the men is at liberty to accompany you," mother replied.

"Why can't I go today? I am sure I can find the way, and it is almost three months since Clara gave me the invitation."

A decided but kindly negative from mother seemed to settle the matter, and I shortly after started on my morning ride down the canyon.

A couple of miles below the house I came to the "Cottrell cut-off," a dim and

narrow trail that led through the hills to Clara's home. Almost unconsciously I guided my pony into it, but ere I had ridden a hundred yards the demon of temptation awoke within me. Why shouldn't I ride over and see Clara anyway? It was only a short ten miles by this route; I could get there before dinner, spend a couple of hours with my friend, and be safe at home before night-fall. It would be a good joke on mother, who was so afraid to let me travel without an escort. Conscience whispered, "No!" but I promptly vetoed the warning and rode deeper into the hills.

For the first few miles all seemed to go well with me. Occasional cow-paths and deer-trails branched off at various angles from the path I followed, but I rigidly adhered to a westerly course.

Presently I came plump upon a large spring, at which several wild-looking bovines were slaking their thirst, and here my overweening confidence received its first check. Trails branched out from the water in every direction, like spokes from the hub of a wheel, at least half a dozen seeming to trend in a westerly course, none of which I could fix upon as the proper one for me to follow. Afraid to make a choice, yet determined not to be thwarted by the first rebuff, I guided my pony into the path which seemed most likely to lead to my goal, and pushed resolutely forward. I learned afterward that I did select the right trail, but I must have wandered from it within the first mile. For hours I rode, every step leading me deeper into the gloomy fastnesses of the hills, and I at last realized that I was lost.

Night found me endeavoring to retrace my steps. Hungry, worn out by an ever-increasing terror and anxiety, and afraid to travel in the darkness. I tied my pony to a tree, made a bed of my

saddle-blankets laid down and cried myself to sleep.

The warm rays of the morning sun striking full upon my face, awoke me to a day of such despair as I hope never to experience again. Glancing in the direction where I had tied my pony, I saw that he was gone. The broken bridle-reins still encircling the tree served but to accentuate my loneliness, and I flung myself on the ground and burst into a passion of repentant tears. Then I arose to my knees and prayed humbly, voicing my supplications to the Heavenly Father out of the fullness of a chastened and contrite heart.

Then a gleam of sense broke through the gloom of my recent folly. I determined to remain where I was until someone came to my rescue. I knew that papa would enlist every available man in the search for me. If I attempted to extricate myself, I might wander still deeper into the hills, but by remaining in one spot, those who first found my trail would the more quickly reach me.

Oh, the leaden hours of that awful day! Captivity in the strongest prison cell ever constructed by the hand of man would have been preferable to the silent desolation of those rock-ribbed hills. Twenty times I sprang to my feet, repenting of my resolution to remain quiet, and as often did I sink back in listless despair. As the sun crept up toward the zenith, I became conscious of an ardent thirst, hourly increased by the dreadful nervous strain under which I labored. Visions of a horrible death by starvation tormented me incessantly; and at last, when my overwrought brain could bear no more, I sank back in a semistupor.

Night had fallen before I revived sufficiently to sit up, and its enveloping shadows added another element of mis-

ery to my desolate state. My distress was now too great to permit me to find oblivion in sleep, and I sat through those long, weary hours, gazing vacantly into the darkness, and vainly wishing for that rescue which I was beginning to feel would arrive too late.

But God had heard my prayer, and His merciful hand led His humble instrument of succor to my relief. I must have dropped into a state of complete insensibility before morning. When I awoke, it was to find the sun high in the heavens, and to feel a slender, cool, brown hand stroking back the tangled hair from my forehead. The moment I stirred, a pair of kindly black eyes peered into mine, and a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Mornin', Miss Lu! I spec you pretty hungry. Chip come take you home to breakfas'."

Yes, Chip indeed! And there was Eagle, filling his moments of leisure by cropping the succulent grass that clothed the hillside.

In five minutes the little hero had boosted me into the saddle—I was far too weak to mount unaided—climbed up behind me, and we were heading for home.

As we rode, Chip told me his story. When he heard my parents' anxious speculations as to my absence, he had saddled Eagle and started out to find me, saying nothing of his intentions to anyone.

He had noticed a few days before that my pony had broken a large piece out of one of its hind hoofs. He had the Indian's instinct to track, and the mark of the broken hoof enabled him to trace me into the "Cottrell cut-off." When night came, he camped close to the trail, taking it up again at daylight next morning. Through the long day he plodded

on, often losing the "sign" on the hard or rocky ground over which I had ridden, yet seeking it again with a dogged perseverance that knew no failure. Remember, too, that he was all this time without food and with but little water, and you will not wonder that I love that little Pima better than many American girls love their more cultured brothers.

We reached home after a tedious ride of four or five hours, and a long-drawn "Hoo-hoo!" from Chip brought mother to the door with a rush, and in another moment I was safe in her warm embrace.

The scene that followed I shall never forget. After I had been hugged, and scolded, and examined, and hugged and scolded again, mother opened her arms and took the little Pima to her bosom as though he were her first-born. She was a Southern woman, with very rigid notions about the "color line;" but Chip had won her heart forever.

Chip endured the embrace with true Indian stoicism, but I saw a pair of tears twinkling on his dark lashes when she released him. Perhaps he thought of the dark-skinned woman sleeping near old Tucson, and wondered if she would have been as kind and gentle as this white mother, who was so grateful to him for saving her daughter.

Chip and I repeated our stories when the disheartened searchers came home to a joyful surprise, and you may feel sure that the family's gratitude was not restricted by any considerations of color or breeding. The best we had to give was thought none too good for my preserver, and he was deluged with a shower of gifts that filled his stout little heart with immeasurable delight.

When I married and went to live in another state, Chip was still a prominent member of the family, and the thing I remember most clearly in connection

with leaving home is, that I gave a backward glance ere we dropped over a rise in the canyon, and saw a wiry, brown figure sitting on the woodpile, and waving "Adios" with a handkerchief of blood-red hue.

*Alan Clifford*

#### NATHAN'S MISSION.

Nathan Boyle had lost both his parents, and now stood alone and homeless in the world. His father's brother living in Nebraska wrote and offered him a home there, and the boy accepted it for want of something better. He was not a Mormon, but of course we know that there are plenty of good boys and girls outside the Gospel, that try and do their best in every way. And Nathan was a good boy. He had had a good education, but was penniless. All his earthly belongings were contained in a small trunk, and the biggest part of it was books, good, wholesome literature, which Nathan thought everything of.

Nathan had been in his uncle's family a week, and he was now quite ready to move anywhere on earth, if he had had a place to go to.

He was the laughing-stock of his uncle's four big boys, for awkwardness with farming tools and his city ways.

We find him standing one morning on a manure pile, working with all his might till the perspiration rolled down his face. He was small of stature and quite delicate of health, and his slender hands, so unused to hard work, trembled in the effort now.

One of his cousins, who was of his own age, a big, over-grown boy, in dirty overalls, tucked inside top boots, with last spring's mud on yet, a red handkerchief round his neck, and an old, tattered, slouch hat, stood resting his folded

hands and chin on the fork handle and looked at his cousin, a sight which seemed to afford him much amusement, judging from the way he giggled.

"Say, Nathan, or Habakkuk, you better put yer hat on tight or your scalp may blow off 'n expose the learnin'."

Nathan paid no heed to him.

"Come, prepheser, tell us what yer call a pick-ax in Latin, and I'll show ye the difference between a grubbing hoe and a harness hook; won't yer?"

Nathan's mouth twitched nervously, but he made no answer, and the other continued: "What's the use o' ye picking away at that pile; there's nothing to show for it on the wagon."

"I think I accomplish as much as you, who don't do anything."

"Yes, you'll make a fine farmer after a while. Don't yer want a pair o' gloves?"

"Yes, have you got any?"

"Go along with you, you city rascal."

This was the way Nathan had been treated ever since he came, and he had shed many bitter tears nights, after the others slept, in spite of his sixteen years. He shared room with the other boys and could not say his prayers there, so he used to go down to the barn evenings before going to bed and lay his sorrows before his Heavenly Father.

"Dear Lord, I am no good here; take me away to some other place, or else let me die, and go to my dear, dear mother again," he would say, for life here seemed to him unbearable.

And Farmer Boyle said the same thing, though not to the Lord, but to his wife, one morning as he sat by the stove, slouched forward with elbows on his knees, smoking his pipe.

"He ain't no good here. I dunno what we'll do with him, now winter's coming on, and we hev plenty o' mouths to fill

withouten him. I'm mighty sorry I took him."

"So am I," said his wife, crossly. "I thought I could a got im ter tend baby. But he's so awkward with her."

"Wall, yer couldn't expect that, no-how; our own boys never could tend 'er ter suit you; but I made a grand mistake when I took 'im, sure."

On Sunday Nathan took out some of his books and went down in the untidy kitchen to read, when all the boys and two strangers came noisily in and sat down by the big table without taking any notice of him.

They brought out a deck of cards, and while the others rolled their cigarettes one shuffled the cards, and very soon the game was in full swing, while coarse slang, profanity and smoke filled the room, till Nathan could hardly endure it. Once or twice he rose to say something to them, but each time his courage forsook him and he sat down again. At last he ventured timidly:

"Do you think it's right to play cards on Sunday, boys?"

"Yes, we know it is," said Peter, the eldest of his cousins, and went on dealing the cards. The others grinned.

Presently Nathan got up again and came and stood looking at them. That took quite an effort for a timid boy like him; and he stood a long time struggling for courage for the next step. At last he said, quite steady:

"Let me read you something boys, something funny if you like."

"Oh, give us a rest," growled Peter, again. But the two strangers suggested that they try him to see if he could read. So throwing the cards down very ill-naturedly, as far as Peter was concerned, they suffered him to read.

Nathan happened to have the "Adventures of a Bashful Young Man," and

started from that, thinking it would interest them better than anything else; and very soon their rough laughter nearly shook the house.

"Say, that's a good 'un," said Peter, brushing away the tears laughter had brought to his eyes; "go on with her."

"Well, but I can't read much longer in this smoke," said Nathan, diplomatically.

"All right, let's 'blige him by quit-ting'," suggested one of the youngest, which they all accordingly did.

When it was chore-time, Peter declared he would have to finish it to them after supper. Nathan readily complied. He was almost hoarse when he stopped. But he had the gratification of having the two strange boys ask him if he had any more books like this one. If he had and would read they would come again next Sunday.

Nathan said he had some better ones, and the following Sunday when the boys had gathered, he began reading "Ivanhoe," and the boys got so interested they couldn't wait till Sunday again, but had to meet during the week.

Now Nathan's star was decidedly in the ascendancy among his country relations. Soon his audience was not confined to the few who first came, but boys for miles around gathered at Farmer Boyle's. And after a while Nathan suggested that he would hold a school every Sunday afternoon, where they would have Bible lessons, and then history and fiction afterwards. There was some grumbling to this proposition at first, but before the winter was over a pretty good Sunday School, on a small scale, was under way.

And when spring came the girls of the neighborhood joined, too, and that made it more lively. Nathan was in his element now.

Smoking and card-playing on Sunday were banished little by little, and some of the boys laid it by altogether. The following winter Nathan was offered the position as school teacher, and accepted it gratefully. He is but eighteen years old now, and small and delicate; but he is well liked, and considered quite an authority in that neighborhood, and his Sunday School is quite flourishing. "This is better than dying," he often says; "for God has made me of some good here, and I'm happy."

And Farmer Boyle said to his wife one day, "I dunno what we'd do without the chap, now, maw."

"No, it seems like he's done a mission."

*S. Valentine.*

#### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The annual meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union convened in the Tabernacle April 3rd, at 7:30 p.m. There were present on the stand all the general superintendency, the officers and members of the Union Board, a number of the Apostles and Superintendents of Stakes. The meeting was called to order by First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard, and the Tabernacle choir sang, "Redeemer of Israel."

Elder Lars E. Eggertson, Superintendent of Sunday Schools of Utah Stake, offered prayer.

The choir sang, "Do what is right."

The General Secretary called the roll of stakes, which showed a representation from nearly every stake; also read the annual statistical and financial report for the year 1895, and presented the general Sunday School authorities, which were unanimously sustained. Statistical and financial report of Sunday Schools, 1895, will be found at the end of minutes.

General Sunday School authorities—

George Q. Cannon, General Superintendent; George Goddard, First Assistant General Superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, Second Assistant General Superintendent; John M. Whitaker, General Secretary; George Reynolds, General Treasurer.

Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board—George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Abraham H. Cannon, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Cutler, and Joseph M. Tanner.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL GROWTH.

In his opening remarks, Elder George Goddard noted with pride and satisfaction the wonderful growth of the Sunday School work in the organized stakes, as also in the various missions; the increase in attendance; the improvement in the methods of instruction in the class work; the interest manifested by the children, and the faithful, untiring labors of the stake and ward officers and the teachers in the various schools; all contributing to place the Sunday Schools on a higher plane and raise the present excellent standard of religious training among the Latter day Saints. These things he had observed in his attendance at the various stake annual Sunday School conferences during the past year. There was nothing that pleased him more than the general observance of the Word of Wisdom among nearly all the Sunday School superintendents, teachers and children. It is having a marked effect upon the parents, and the blessings of heaven will be graciously showered down upon those who observe this holy law.

The hearty responses to the nickle donation by nearly seventy-five per cent of the pupils, officers and teachers brings in a handsome sum, which in turn is



used in the publication of leaflets, 30,000 being distributed to the Sunday Schools free. The Sunday School Treatise, just issued, is being distributed during this conference, 2,500 of which are distributed free to the Sunday Schools and more of which, together with the Leaflets, may be purchased at the general office, the Leaflets at 40 cents per hundred, the Treatise at 15 cents each. This excellent work should find its way into the hands of every teacher. Many other valuable circulars and other literature are furnished the schools free. The means thus contributed returns again to the schools, the prosperous and large schools aiding in building up the smaller and poorer ones.

It is also designed this year to again have "nickel envelopes" sent out to each school so that the collection may be taken on "Nickel Sunday," the last Sunday in October of each year, and it is confidently expected that for<sup>a</sup> 1896 the full complement of the nickel donation will be realized. Elder Goddard closed by stating that it was the intention of the Union Board to shortly publish<sup>a</sup> a new Sunday School Hymn Book, which it was hoped could be sold to the scholars for ten cents per copy. This book would contain about 200 pages, and embrace the words (but not the music) of all the hymns contained in the last Sunday School Music Book and about twenty others in use in our congregations<sup>1</sup> but not contained in that<sup>a</sup> book. Brother Goddard requested that each Stake Superintendent inform the General Secretary at as early a date as possible how many of the schools in his stake will take<sup>1</sup> if published at this low figure, so that<sup>r</sup> the Union Board may know how many<sup>a</sup> to print.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, in treating upon the

Latter-day Saints' Sunday School Treatise, stated that this useful little work brought the Sunday School cause forward one step in the cause of true religious training. It is the product of several committees who worked faithfully to bring forth something that was felt to be necessary in the great Sunday School cause. It cannot, of course, be found perfect; but it is the result of long, faithful and energetic study, preparation and arrangement. It embraces the work from the kindergarten or infant class, to the higher department, and special instructions are given suited to each; plans and diagrams are laid out and a sample of a model lesson is given in each grade. It is only placed there as a sample, a guide to those not so well acquainted with the art of teaching. The Treatise ought to find its way into the hands of every officer and teacher; should be carefully read and used as a means to an end—that of training the youth of Zion.

But the knowledge of this little work is but the smaller part of the great work of a Sunday School teacher; the most important part is the spiritual preparation; the love of God, the light of heaven, the Holy Ghost. No matter how well the lesson may be prepared, the Spirit of God must accompany its rendition to make our Sunday School teaching effective. Superintendent Maeser felt proud of this little work, and closed by invoking the choice blessings of heaven upon its use in the Sunday Schools of Zion.

Elder Francis M. Lyman spoke interestingly upon the Articles of Faith. Taking one up after another, he commented upon each in its order, explaining its meaning, giving a broad and comprehensive view of its application. How we believe in a God of body, parts and passions, a God of love, of wisdom, of power, the God of heaven and earth, the

# ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN THE ORGANIZED STAKES OF ZION AND VARIOUS MISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1895.

No. of Schools.	NAME OF STAKE.	STAKE SUPERINTENDENT AND P. O. ADDRESS.										No. times school held during year.	No. male officers and teachers.	No. female officers and teachers.	Total number of teachers and teachers.	Average attendance of pupils.	Total No. of pupils.	No. male pupils.	No. female pupils.	No. pupils in 1st intermediate dept.	No. pupils in 2nd intermediate dept.	No. pupils in higher dept.	No. books in libraries.	Cash on hand at last report.	Miscellaneous Cash collected.	Total Collected from Nickel Do.	Grand Total Collected.	Cash disbursed.	Cash in treasury.
4	Alberta	H. S. Allen	Cardston	Can.	130	21	21	42	35	180	143	335	182	374	125	86	45	82	122	36 00	3 30	9 20	48 50	48 50	48 50	48 50	48 50	48 50	30 30
27	Bannock	Wm. J. Young	Lynman	Idaho	1 38	2 7	128	353	219	1102	1120	282	1336	2637	810	400	446	536	636	38 10	163 50	72 85	281 45	281 45	281 45	281 45	281 45	281 45	9 80
17	Bingham	Chas. S. Crabtree	Idaho Falls	Idaho	783	134	114	377	163	1512	1834	2866	1057	3267	1161	340	319	417	537	334	76 23	198 19	124 02	1038 44	184 17	1038 44	1038 44	77 03	30 30
24	Big Lake	A. Galloway	St. Charles	Utah	1039	339	163	411	257	1312	1353	2866	1057	3267	1161	340	319	417	537	334	76 23	198 19	124 02	1038 44	184 17	1038 44	1038 44	77 03	30 30
20	Beaver	W. Fotheringham	Frisco	Utah	336	82	62	141	104	331	337	718	421	862	303	187	195	132	300	9 47	371 25	109 40	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	30 30
38	Box Elder	O. W. Snow	Brigham City	Utah	889	391	250	641	280	1313	2584	2855	2862	3551	6468	1 00	510	510	2801	59 83	371 25	109 40	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	30 30
28	Cassie	O. C. Grimsby	Logan	Utah	1269	391	250	641	280	1313	2584	2855	2862	3551	6468	1 00	510	510	2801	59 83	371 25	109 40	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	36 62	30 30
12	Centerville	Nathan T. Porter	Centerville	Utah	536	117	77	308	206	1406	1501	2937	1539	3275	1105	534	429	429	2907	196 4	74 12	47 60	438 78	177 31	438 78	438 78	438 78	30 30	
12	Davis	Alex. Jameson	Castle Dale	Utah	536	117	77	308	206	1406	1501	2937	1539	3275	1105	534	429	429	2907	196 4	74 12	47 60	438 78	177 31	438 78	438 78	438 78	30 30	
12	Emery	John T. Porter	Castle Dale	Utah	536	117	77	308	206	1406	1501	2937	1539	3275	1105	534	429	429	2907	196 4	74 12	47 60	438 78	177 31	438 78	438 78	438 78	30 30	
8	Joab	Wm. Paxman	Nephi	Utah	281	81	51	140	93	513	659	1222	885	1362	348	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	30 30
8	Kanab	Jos. E. Robinson	Nephi	Utah	281	81	51	140	93	513	659	1222	885	1362	348	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	234	30 30
15	Maricopa	Geo. W. Davies	Mesa	Ariz.	220	56	3	87	60	321	270	501	394	678	465	78	75	173	225	44 85	17 35	27 75	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	30 30
5	Mexico	Jennies E. Harris	Panguitch	Utah	557	111	86	197	137	91	832	1813	1330	2494	581	333	353	378	395	113 17	64 15	38 00	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	30 30
11	Millard	R. W. Chapman	Fillmore	Utah	557	111	86	197	137	91	832	1813	1330	2494	581	333	353	378	395	113 17	64 15	38 00	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	30 30
13	Morgan	Wm. Chubb	Monticello	Idaho	1446	268	198	466	290	1538	1838	2975	1769	3442	1058	580	600	1993	117 30	272 87	102 33	402 61	402 61	402 61	402 61	402 61	402 61	402 61	30 30
25	Onida	Alma Barry	Paria	Utah	580	113	84	197	137	91	832	1813	1330	2494	581	333	353	378	395	113 17	64 15	38 00	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	30 30
14	Panguitch	Wm. Chubb	Paria	Utah	580	113	84	197	137	91	832	1813	1330	2494	581	333	353	378	395	113 17	64 15	38 00	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	185 55	30 30
67	Parowan	Thos. G. Griggs	Center City	Utah	362	74	428	1332	762	6132	6757	12809	7348	14031	5496	2757	2242	2391	7916	565 10	973 42	589 10	3127 71	2339 55	2339 55	2339 55	2339 55	2339 55	30 30
62	Salt Lake	Thos. G. Griggs	Bluff	Utah	381	57	52	109	64	459	514	1023	815	1337	411	174	151	278	225	19 67	51 40	27 42	98 49	98 49	98 49	98 49	98 49	98 49	30 30
9	San Juan	Jas. B. Whitney	Sanford	Utah	1712	263	231	494	375	1197	1299	2486	1376	4552	1510	808	848	1050	2731	46 34	245 53	144 04	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	30 30
24	Sampege	Geo. Christensen	Mount Pleasant	Utah	112	152	112	294	173	1197	1299	2486	1376	4552	1510	808	848	1050	2731	46 34	245 53	144 04	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	429 31	30 30
17	Sevier	W. A. Scrimm	St. Johns	Ariz.	318	51	43	94	58	563	598	1161	811	1296	431	161	131	222	222	35 10	34 15	51 45	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	30 30
9	St. Johns	J. W. Brown	Pima	Ariz.	318	51	43	94	58	563	598	1161	811	1296	431	161	131	222	222	35 10	34 15	51 45	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	135 00	30 30
24	St. Joseph	Sam. J. Sims	Snowflake	Utah	1073	141	109	293	167	1061	1061	2121	1296	2381	891	461	331	431	337	222	9 05	7 58	47 15	131 75	131 75	131 75	131 75	131 75	30 30
9	St. George	Richard Morris	Snowflake	Utah	544	94	90	193	107	396	396	793	441	8 9	284	159	144	179	131	8 50	23 05	31 40	62 95	62 95	62 95	62 95	62 95	62 95	30 30
14	Snowflake	John A. West	Snowflake	Utah	750	134	79	215	135	94	886	1800	1054	2025	763	408	333	361	301	4 55	255 06	68 30	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	30 30
9	Spar Valley	Ed. McLachlan	Coalville	Wyo.	750	134	79	215	135	94	886	1800	1054	2025	763	408	333	361	301	4 55	255 06	68 30	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	30 30
16	Summit	John Boyden	Coalville	Utah	750	134	79	215	135	94	886	1800	1054	2025	763	408	333	361	301	4 55	255 06	68 30	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	371 0	30 30
8	Tooele	A. G. Johnson	Tooele	Utah	391	73	53	126	75	428	520	948	569	1074	477	100	117	164	384	8 05	58 50	42 15	103 70	103 70	103 70	103 70	103 70	103 70	30 30
12	Utah	James Hacking	Vernal	Utah	460	87	58	145	91	710	636	1484	5075	9849	3438	1880	1654	1942	211	218 70	882 26	385 00	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	30 30
39	Utah	L. E. Eggersten	Provo	Utah	1668	550	375	925	578	4176	4548	8475	5075	9849	3438	1880	1654	1942	211	218 70	882 26	385 00	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	1486 86	30 30
13	Wasatch	Jos. H. Lambert	Heber City	Utah	565	116	75	191	108	668	817	1825	862	1676	648	344	222	271	635	38 55	133 25	61 00	232 80	232 80	232 80	232 80	232 80	232 80	30 30
13	Wayne	Jos. Eckersley	Loa	Utah	565	2 0	104	394	426	462	460	922	501	1296	344	155	107	355	17 18	48 90	41 70	107 88	107 88	107 88	107 88	107 88	107 88	107 88	30 30
47	Weber	Rd. Baltantyne	Ogden	Utah	1291	341	184	523	436	2629	2715	5314	3867	5867	2171	1157	1021	992	1942	178 27	587 52	146 85	912 61	912 61	912 61	912 61	912 61	912 61	30 30
598			Total organized Stakes		26810	5065	4108	10073	5556	40543	41755	82 498	30148	93871	32095	17916	15017	17270	33608	2270 73	7611 97	3033 24	12915 94	12915 94	12915 94	12915 94	12915 94	12915 94	30 30

## Sunday School Reports of Various Missions.

3	California	H. S. Tanner	San Francisco, Cal.	98	10	4	14	12	46	39	85	55	99	32	5	48	75	5 00	12 00	5 00	2 55	2 45	
2	Eastern States	Sam'l. W. Richards	Brooklyn, New York	101	8	4	7	7	19	219	435	46	53	15	8	9	14	48	12 00	5 00	5 00	2 55	2 45
13	Great Britain	Anton H. Lund	Liverpool, England	726	55	13	65	61	216	219	435	338	503	143	119	81	92	196	3 00	2 50	2 50	2 50	2 50
6	Indian Ter.	W. D. Bowring	St. Johns, Kansas	76	8	6	14	13	42	83	75	35	49	23	6	8	10	31	2 80	2 80	2 80	2 80	2 80
1	Joseph Colony	Kaulenman-oku	St. Johns, Tooele Co. Utah	51	7	20	121	97	905	691	1896	949	2017	325	40	216	795	674	11 85	11 85	11 85	11 85	11 85
39	New Zealand	Wm. Gardner	Auckland, New Zealand	1704	101	101	121	97	905	691	1896	949	2017	325	40	216	795	674	11 85	11 85	11 85	11 85	11 85
6	Northern States	Wm. Gardner	Council Bluffs, Iowa	138	15	14	29	36	64	59	123	105	132	40	21	50	42	84	3 27	113 67	113 67	113 67	113 67
8	Netherlands	Asa W. Judd	Rotterdam, Holland	340	26	11	37	33	138	121	259	269	253	70	61	40	240	994	104 88	229 09	883 97	238 69	100 98
6	Samoa	Wm. G. Sears	Apia, Samoa	371	31	31	37	33	138	121	259	269	253	70	61	40	240	994	104 88	229 09	883 97	238 69	100 98
32	Sandwich Is.	Sam. J. E. Woolley	Honolulu, Sandwich Is.	1340	125	25	135	145	460	400	850	785	1000	200	200	200	200	200	40 55	86 40	4 15	5 80	5 80
14	Scandinavia	Peter Sundwall	Cope Jagan, Denmark	456	60	33	93	82	265	362	657	529	750	249	104	149	155	183	40 55	86 40	4 15	5 80	5 80
27	Southern States	Elas S. Kimball	Chattanooga, Tenn.	516	85	58	143	124	281	319	599	451	742	251	103	153	226	424	5 80	5 80	5 80	5 80	5 80
7	Swiss & German	Geo. C. Naegle	Bern, Switzerland	275	17	4	21	20	93	87	180	165	201	40	38	48	54	54	5 80	5 80	5 80	5 80	5 80
103	Totals of Missions			5410	543	195	738	660	2688	2796	5842	3820	6222	1489	1281	829	1885	2174	104 15	433 76	631 91	115 72	115 72
598	Total organized States			26816	3995	408	10073	5556	40513	47556	92298	50148	92371	32995	17916	15017	17470	36069	2270 73	7011 97	10377 19	2738 76	2738 76
701	Grand Totals			32226	6508	4303	10311	6216	43231	44551	87782	54068	98538	33584	19197	15846	10155	14782	2378 88	8055 73	13447 85	10693 88	2854 47

Father of all the human family; a Being of tabernacle of flesh and bone, to whom all men will render an account of their labors at the day of judgment. That the Son, Jesus Christ, our elder Brother, is in the express image of the Father; is a Personage of flesh and bone, in whose name we should always approach the Father and through whom all blessings are received. That the Holy Ghost is a Personage of Spirit, not having tabernacle of flesh and bone, but one of the Godhead, and who executes the will of the Father and Son: these three constituting the great governing council of the universe. Thus, in this interesting manner, did Elder Lyman take each of the Articles of Faith, showing the beauties each contained; how perfectly they applied to the needs of the children of men; how fully they covered the plan of salvation and how necessary it was for us to live up to the same, that salvation in the presence of the Father may come to all the righteous. He closed by invoking heaven's choicest blessing upon the great Sunday School cause, and hoped the report of 1896 would round out one hundred thousand officers, teachers and pupils.

The conference was then brought to a close by the choir and congregation singing, "Our God, we raise to Thee."

Benediction was pronounced by General Superintendent George Q. Cannon.

*John M. Whitaker, Gen. Sec.*

It's funny that a heated discussion generally produces a coldness between friends.

A wise man will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it.

A thimbleful of theory to a pound of practice is about the right proportion.

#### SAN JUAN COUNTY.

SAN JUAN COUNTY was organized by the Legislature in the winter of 1879-80. The County Court was organized, and Mr. James Léwis was appointed probate judge. It occupies the south-eastern part of the State of Utah, lying between 37° and 38½° north latitude and between 111° and 109° west longitude. The county has an area of 9,078 square miles; its population is 1,000. It is principally an elevated, arid mesa, broken by dry gulches and washes, with the exception of the Blue and Elk Mountains, near the center of the county, which extend east and west, and have an elevation of about nine thousand feet. The highest peak is Mount Baldy, twelve thousand feet. From these mountains issue small sparkling streams, to supply water for the irrigation of the adjoining land. Deep ravines from two hundred feet to two hundred and fifty feet branch off in every direction, those on the east and south to join the San Juan River, on the north to join the Green River, and on the west to join the Colorado River. The Blue Mountains are especially rich in minerals, which are as yet but partially developed.

The physical features of San Juan County are of sandstone formation. Ruins of cliff and mound builders are among its curiosities. The climate varies with the elevation.

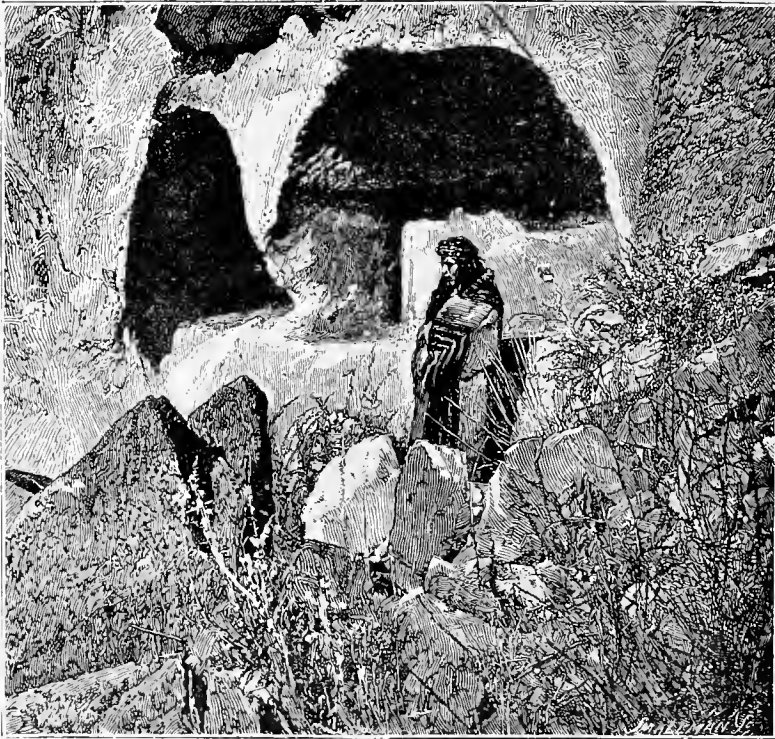
The chief industrial pursuits are cattle and sheep raising, farming, mining, and trading with the Indians. In the vicinity of the Blue Mountains cereals, such as oats, wheat, potatoes, barley, alfalfa, and garden vegetables are raised, while in the southern portion of the county, the altitude being much lower, a variety of tropical fruits of superior quality are raised.

San Juan County was settled in 1879-80

by a colony of about sixty families from Iron County. The history of this colony is of the greatest interest. They were led by President Silas Smith, Counselor Platte D. Lyman, and Bishop Jens Nielsen, to settle the waste places of Southern Utah, and to form a barrier between the Indians and our neighboring settlers on the west. They left their homes in the fall, were on the journey

know of no place settled by the Saints in Utah that has had so many difficulties with which to contend as this colony. Some of the first years they hauled their supplies from Alamosa, Colorado, four hundred miles away. They have had a continuous struggle to obtain water for irrigation from the San Juan River, which is a most treacherous stream.

The climate of Bluff is most delight-



CLIFF DWELLERS.

all winter, worked the road inch by inch, as it were, over a dry, rocky, sandy route to the Colorado River, and from thence to the San Juan River; and on the 6th of April, 1880, located at what has since been called Bluff, situated on the north bank of the San Juan River, about eighty miles east of its junction with the Colorado River. I

ful, will compare favorably with Italy for sunny days; mild in winter, and not too hot in summer.

The present population is one hundred and eighty-five. On either side of the town precipitous cliffs rise from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, and are barren, except in small crevices, or where cool, refreshing

springs burst forth, beautiful flowers, mosses, and ferns are found. Along the walls of the cliffs may be seen small rock rooms, comparatively good masonry work, built near the top, where it seems almost impossible for one to make an ascent. They are supposed to be the treasure-houses of the aboriginal tribes. Deep canyons branch off from these cliffs, in which are found many beautiful caves.

The most prominent of these is about six miles east of Bluff; on the opposite side of the river. Its dimensions are as follows: Across its mouth, about three hundred feet; height, one hundred and fifty feet; from its mouth to back of cave, one hundred and fifty feet. The breastwork is built of rock, and in circular form, the wall averaging about eight feet high. It is divided into sixteen compartments. Many curiosities are found in this cave, such as hieroglyphics on the smooth rock; port holes are visible in the wall, all of which are evidence of it once being built as a defense against the enemy.

Another prominent cave is about five miles north of Bluff, up what is known as Spring Canyon. Towards the back of this cave seems to have been the cliff-dwellers' graveyard, so arranged that the bodies were free from moisture. There are no rooms in this cave, but it is evident that it was once inhabited.

From other caves in Allan Canyon, about forty miles north-east of Bluff, have been taken many curios, such as pottery of all kinds, cotton, beans, charred corn, hair, ropes, spindles for weaving sandals, baskets, and many crude farming and war implements, all of which are found occupying the same graves as the mummies. A collection of this kind was sent to the World's Fair for exhibition, and are now, as I under-

stand, on exhibition at the Deseret Museum, Salt Lake City.

Besides the cliff and cave dwellers, the remains of another class, distinguished as mound builders, are found.

Monticello, a village situated at the eastern base of the Blue Mountains, is an agricultural and mining district, about fifty miles north of Bluff, and is now the county seat. It has a population of about twenty-five families, the most prominent of whom were former residents of Bluff.

The "Gold Queen," one of the lead mines of the Blue Mountains, is now being worked for its gold, silver, and copper, and is in an advanced stage of development, as I understand. A stamp mill is to be put in this summer.

In addition to these mines, we have extensive "placer" mines, about eighty miles along the San Juan River. The most prominent of these is the "Gable" district. Some quite heavy machinery has been shipped in by a New York company.

Besides these, there are extensive fields of crude petroleum, large deposits of gypsum, and an undeveloped marble quarry. As to the oil fields, they are about to be bonded with the view to development.

Along the river bottoms are found considerable forestry, the most common tree being the cottonwood, of which there are two kinds, the long and round leaf cottonwood. These forests, together with the region of the Blue and Elk Mountains, are filled with a great variety of birds noted for song and plumage. The principal water birds found are the glossy ibis, phalarope, egret, grebe, coot, sand piper, kildeer, bittern, great heron, and a great variety of ducks. The landbirds are the wax-wing, gold finch, ptarigan, thrush,

oriole, gross-beak, warblers, starling, chat, whip - poor - will, wood-pecker, meadow lark, goose, anders, averset, snipe, jay, owl, robin, bobolink, sparrow, clappe rail, towke bunting, and a large variety of hawks. A specimen of all these birds may be found with our noted taxidermist, Father John Allan, who resides at Bluff.

San Juan County, according to area, has the least population of any county in the State of Utah.

### THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night  
From the realms of mist and dew;  
One was a dream of the old, old days,  
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane  
That led to the pickerel pond  
Where the willows and rushes bow themselves  
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream,  
Were pleasant and fair to see,  
And the dreamer he walked with them again  
As often of old walked he

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane  
That tangled his curly hair!  
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made  
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought  
From yonder midnight skies,  
Or was it tears from the dear dead years,  
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,  
As the moon benignly shed  
Her golden grace on the smiling face  
In the little trundle bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come,  
Of the glorious noon of day,  
Of the summer that follows the careless spring  
When the child is done with play,

And 'twas a dream of the busy world  
Where valorous deeds are done;  
Of battles fought in the cause of right,  
And of victories nobly won

It breathed no breath of the dear old home  
And the quiet joys of youth;  
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends  
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,  
And fast and free it ran.  
And it told to a little sleeping child  
Of a boy become a man.

These were the dreams that came one night  
To earth from yonder sky;  
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed,  
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I  
Were glad that it was so,  
He loved to dream of days to come,  
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I  
Unwillingly awoke,  
But neither of his precious dream  
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams,  
Gave each his tender sigh;  
For there was triumph in his eyes,  
And there were tears in mine.

*Eugene Field.*

### A HYMN.

O God, we meet this Sabbath day,  
With contrite hearts to worship Thee;  
Accept our thanks, we humbly pray,  
For gospel light and liberty.

Impart Thy Spirit from above  
To fill our souls with peace and joy;  
May the sweet message of Thy love  
Our highest, noblest thoughts employ.

Help us to praise Thee with one heart,  
As children of the light should do,  
And may we each, before we part,  
Our pledges to Thy cause renew.

Lord, bless Thy servants here, we pray,  
On whom the sacred task shall rest  
To speak, that they may something say  
To suit our varied needs the best.

May we be worthy to partake  
The emblems of Thy death and love  
And each resolve to sin forsake,  
And every evil thought remove.

Lord, when shall ever we repay  
The debt of gratitude we owe  
To Thee for making known the way  
Of Life, to save a world from woe.

*J. C.*



THE . . .

**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1896.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****SENSATIONAL STORIES.**

† IT IS a custom with many writers and speakers to be extreme and sensational upon subjects which their readers or audiences know least about. There is not so much danger of being challenged for proof of the assertions made; and if they can but succeed in the outset in arousing a hostile sympathy toward the people or country against which they declare, they can go on with safety in the most exaggerated style and mingle a great mass of misinformation with a very little truth. When the Latter-day Saints occupied an isolated home in these mountains, there was no story about them too strange, or absurd, or wicked, to find circulation by otherwise intelligent visitors and acceptance among seemingly intelligent people. After the days of their isolation were over, after the railroad and telegraph came, and after the easy opportunity was given the whole world to ascertain the truth about falsely-described conditions here, it was still hard to make outside readers and hearers believe that they had been grossly imposed upon by the tales that had been told them. People generally do not like to admit that much. For years it had not been so easy to get at the actual facts about the condition here, and to tell things as they were, as it was to manufacture fables and falsehoods. And those who could obtain truth either did not have the opportunity or did not have

the zeal and encouragement in narrating it that had been given for the circulation of falsehood. It had been popular to give the people of Utah a bad name; and of course under such circumstances it took far more argument and proof to remove the prejudice which had been accumulating during so many years. It is an old and reliable saying that a lie will travel many a league while truth is getting its boots on. As we have stated, the more remote the scene to be described, and the fewer readers who know anything about it, the greater the temptation to the narrator to draw upon his imagination for his facts. Our readers are accustomed to hear a great deal about the desperately hard condition of the Russian people--how they are tax-ridden, king-ridden and with scarcely the common rights of humanity, to say nothing of the rights of freemen. Now, there are no doubt many grievances and evils which the Russians have to suffer; but they are on the other hand far happier in many respects than most persons believe, and have escaped many troubles which even more highly civilized nations groan under. Every few days the newspapers are filled with stories of Turkish atrocities and Armenian horrors, just as a few months since they were gory with accounts of Japanese massacres of Chinese. One can hear all kinds of stories as to the barbarity with which the Spaniards or the insurgents in Cuba are respectively signalizing the struggle on that island. We read every now and then of the frightful practices resorted to in the interior of Africa. Of another sort, but equally astounding to the reader of the newspapers, are the wonderful tales told of new animals or races of men found in hitherto unexplored regions, and of freaks of nature which sensational travelers describe as having come under their

observation. The world is far advanced in intelligence and enlightenment; but it has not by any means rid itself of its credulity. And as long as people can be found to pay for and read sensations regardless of their truth, so long will men be found to supply the taste.

Our object in writing the foregoing is to put readers of the INSTRUCTOR on their guard against accepting everything they hear or read. This caution has been uttered before, and it is deserving of remembrance. As in the terrible conditions reported from Russia, so also with the romances from Asia, Africa, the northern and southern polar regions, and other places and peoples of which the world at large knows but little. Only one side of the case is presented, and that is generally so greatly distorted and exaggerated as to be unworthy of belief. Our own experience ought to be a warning to us against giving credence to all that lecturers or newspaper or book writers may have to say. Remembering those experiences, and the outrageous falsehoods which our people have been so many years in living down, we ought to be charitable enough to withhold judgment until we can hear all sides of the matter, or at least until we can make independent study and examination sufficient to enable us to judge from personal knowledge.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most courteous and pliant in their behavior to their inferiors.

Be a philosopher; but, mid all your philosophy, be still a man.

There is not a man on earth who is free from envy. If there ever should be one, he ought to pray for immediate translation, before he gets the disease.

### HONEST JIM THE NEWSBOY.

Two little boys were seen going down the street together; but one could see at a glance that though they were both the same size, there was a great difference between them. One boy was neatly dressed in a navy blue suit, a nice white waist, a nobby little cap, and a pair of high buttoned shoes. His face looked young and happy, but the features of the other boy told that he was older than he appeared. He wore a dirty pair of knee pants, a shirt that was large enough for two boys his size, shoes, but no stockings, and an old plush cap. One looked the picture of care and good training, the other of abuse and neglect.

As they walked down the street, they met two little girls on their way to Sunday School, and they looked at the poor neglected boy more than at the one who looked so well bred.

"Oh, Lucy, ain't you sorry for that poor little Jimmie Sutton? Ain't it too bad?"

"Well, if I was Roy St. Claire," said the other, "I wouldn't walk down the street with the nasty, dirty thing."

"Oh, Lucy!" said Edna Barratt, "you know our teacher told us only last Sunday that nice clothes did not always make nice children at heart, and though children looked much better nice and clean, we must not hurt a poor child's feelings because it was in rags, for it is not always his fault."

Roy and Jimmie often met, for something seemed to attract them toward each other, and Roy would often leave his other well-dressed playmates to wander off with Jimmie. He liked to hear him tell of his adventures and queer way of living. This morning Roy was going to the post office for his papa, when he met his shabbily-dressed friend on the road, and urged him to go with him, and

as Jimmie would always leave everything to go with Roy, they walked to the office together. Jimmie commenced telling Roy about what a hard time he had the night before.

His father was a drunkard, and his mother went out washing every day to buy them food and pay the rent of a poor, mean, two-roomed house. His mother had been delayed very late last night, and so Jimmie began to worry about her return. He sat there by the fire wondering what had happened, when he heard footsteps, and thinking it was his mother, ran and opened the door as a welcome; but he was disappointed; it was his father, and he could see he had been drinking.

He asked for his supper, and when Jimmie told him that his mother had not yet come home and brought anything for supper, he swore at him, and told him to go and get her at once or he would kill him with his cane.

"Just you go along now, you hear? I'm hungry, and when I'm hungry I'm mad. I want my supper, and you get your mother here with the victuals pretty quick, or I'll skin you alive. Go along."

Jimmie rushed out, frightened to death, for he did not know where his mother was working, and he dare not go home without her, or something to eat, and he had no money to buy anything; so, for fear of being beaten, he went in a barn close by and slept all night, hungry and cold. He was afraid to go home now, he said.

When he had finished, Roy said:

"Oh, Jimmie, when I go home I'll ask papa if you can't live with us, and then won't we have fun?"

"Oh, Roy, I would not leave my mother for anyone; she is always good to me, and needs me often to help her."

When they reached the gate Roy asked Jimmie to wait outside, while he took the mail in.

After Jimmie had given Roy up, for fear that his parents would not let him play with him, the door opened, and out came Roy, saying, "Come here, Jimmie; I have told papa all about you, and he wants to see you."

He hung his head and walked into the handsome library of Mr. St. Claire, the lawyer.

"Say, little chap, I am going to help you for my little Roy's sake," said Mr. St. Claire; "but, first, I want you to go out in the kitchen and eat that food that is waiting for you."

"Come this way," said Roy, and Jimmie felt like he was in another world as he walked through the beautiful home.

When he was seated at the kitchen table he looked at his dirty hands, as he touched the clean, white table-cover, and he almost wished he was out in the back yard where he could wash his hands by the hydrant, and eat this treat on the ground.

He got through with his meal and felt much better, and then stood again tremblingly by Mr. St. Claire.

"Now, look here, boy, I want you to do something for a living. Your parents can't keep you; so if you want to get on some decent clothes, and go and sell papers, I'll give you the clothes and one dollar to start up in business."

Now Mr. St. Claire would have given him more, but he feared if he went home with the money his father would take it all and spend it in drink. In order to try and make Jimmie work and be industrious, he told him he would give him the clothes; "But I'll only lend you the money. You must pay that back in one year." "I'll try and do my best,"

said Jimmie, "and I'll pay you back the money."

Mrs. St. Claire handed him the clothes, and he rushed out of the house too happy to tell Roy good-by or notice anyone. When he had reached home he told his parents all about this streak of good luck.

"Well," said his father, "that's good; but if you get work you must pay me for living here, and you can give me fifty cents now for this week," and he at once took one of the bright half-dollars out of Jimmie's hand.

His mother pleaded with him not to take it, as he would need a good leather bag to carry the papers in, so they would keep dry when it was storming, and it would take all of the dollar to get the other things Jimmie needed so much.

Before she had finished speaking, he was out of the door, and in a few minutes was trying to buy some whisky, even if it was Sunday.

But Jimmie had a brave heart, and told his mother to never mind, he would do his best with what was left. He was so anxious that night for morning to come he could scarcely sleep, but when it did come it found a new boy in the Sutton house, and the beginning of a very good life. Jimmie went with his mother, and they soon got all that was needed, for Mr. St. Claire said he wanted him to start out in good shape, and then he could sell more papers.

He waited on the street corner for a few minutes, and he saw two men coming. He went up timidly and said, "Papers, mister?" but they were busy talking and did not notice him. He felt bad. "Oh, I wonder if every one will shun me because I am poor."

Soon there came a lady carrying a small satchel and going toward the depot. Now, thought Jimmie, I'll sell her one

to read on the train. Happy thought! Yes, she bought one, and there was the nickle, oh, how happy he felt!

Well, he worked hard all day, and when night came he had thirty cents, and that was pretty good he thought for a starter. The many days that passed always found Jimmie at his post, and he began to make life easier for his mother by his help. But often his cruel father would beat him until he gave up his earnings, and then it was hard for Jimmie to keep up.

One morning he was going to the public square, to see what the crowd had gathered there for, also thinking it would be a good chance to sell some papers, when he saw Roy for the first time for nearly two months. He was always working on the street now, and Roy was never allowed there, only when sent on an errand. Just as he was going to meet him the fire engine came along at full speed, and Roy was so interested in noticing it, that he did not see a team coming at the back of him. Jimmie saw the danger, and ran to push Roy out of the way; but before he could do so one of the horse's feet had caught his leg and tripped him down. Jimmie reached for the harness and tried to hold them, while Roy jumped up and ran; but being hurt, he could not hurry, and in another instant the excited animals had jumped over Jimmie and he fell under their feet. When the crowd found them, Roy's leg was badly hurt and bleeding; but poor Jimmie lay unconscious thought him dead.

Mr. St. Claire had been attracted to the crowd by the fire, which had started in a large building on the square, and as he was well known, the news soon reached him that his boy was hurt. He rushed to the spot and took Roy in his arms, then ordered a hack. Just as he did so

he caught sight of the senseless form of the poor newsboy.

"Say," said a man, "he did that to save your boy. He's a brave lad."

"He did?" inquired Mr. St. Claire. "Well, we must do something quick. Here, put him in the hack and we will take him to the hospital."

They carried him to the carriage, and after they had taken Roy home, they drove to the hospital to get help for poor Jimmie.

The doctor came and dressed the wounds and washed the dirt from him. In a few moments he showed signs of life.

"Oh, Jimmie, do you know me? I am Mr. St. Claire, and you have saved my boy. God bless you! God bless you!"

"Yes, I know you. Is Roy alive?"

"Yes, and only slightly hurt. Come, boy, you must get well soon, and then I'll see what I can do for you for this brave and manly act."

"It's no use, sir, I'm going ter die; it's getting dark already. Say, mister, I've only forty cents left to pay you back. You said you would give me a year to pay it in, and the time ain't up yet, so I've been giving it most all to mother."

"Oh, don't talk of that," said Mr. St. Claire, "you have saved my boy's life, and he is everything to me."

"Well, mister, if you think it is worth the dollar you lent me, I can go to heaven happy, for then I'll be square with everybody. Give this old purse to mother, and tell her I've paid my debt, and I am going to heaven square with everybody; then she can have the money what's left."

Jimmie smiled, and then his soul passed up to God.

The tears rolled down the man's cheeks, and an old minister who had followed the boy came and knelt down and thanked God for the lesson this little boy had

taught him of true honesty and goodness.

Mr. St. Clair had him buried in his own lot in the cemetery, and did all he could to console his poor mother. He gave his father employment—for after Jimmie's death he became a good man and made a good living for his wife. It is many years since this sad story happened, but the people of that city today will tell you of "Honest Jim, the news-boy."

I trust all my little readers will remember that it is always best to treat everyone with kindness, whether they are dressed in nice clothes or in rags. The heart is under the clothes, and many a fine man grows up out of a shabby pair of pants.

*Annie Jones Atkin.*

## MARGOT.

### CHAPTER I.

Certainly Margot's life did not seem much like a fairy-tale. No, it was much more like a travesty or a satire and, although Margot was very devout and was, moreover, of a believing turn of mind, prone to accept everything that she saw in print, when she read that sentence of Hans Christian Andersen's which says, "Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers," she smiled over it, thinking that the Almighty had a very strange notion of fairy-tales, if He had written her life for one.

For Margot Blair was the youngest child of a widow and had three sisters older than herself. These three sisters were all fair and accounted beautiful; taking after their mother, who was fat, fair and forty (and a little more beside). Margot, on the contrary, had followed her father in looks and was tall and upright as a willow wand—"gawky," her sisters called her—slight to an extreme

which was most unbecoming, dark and sallow almost to swarthiness, with masses of almost black hair, which had a trick of slipping from its decorous confines and tumbling down her back, as her sisters said, like the snake-locks of Medusa. Margot's features were certainly not bad; she was called very plain, but she had not the green eyes of the nineteenth century heroine, nor the very wide mouth, nor the pert little pug nose, which are indispensable to success in the marriage market of fiction. No, she possessed none of these advantages, but she was lean and lanky and gawky and awkward, and she was very young.

"Dear me, child," Mrs. Blair said, in fretful tones to her one day, "you grow more preposterously like your father every day. Will you never stop growing? What a lamp-post you are."

It was on the tip of Margot's tongue to ask whether it was a crime that she should be like her dead father, but although she was young, painfully young, she had long ago learned the wisdom of only giving utterance to about half the thoughts that came into her mind.

"Was my father so very tall, mother?" she said.

"Yes, very tall, terribly tall," Mrs. Blair replied. "Of course, it does not matter for a man, but it is a great affliction to have a daughter as tall as you are."

"Don't you think it is a greater affliction for me than for you, mother?" Margot asked rather wistfully.

"No, certainly not," responded the mother sharply. "I have to pay for your dresses, haven't I?"

Margot opened her mouth as if to speak, but succeeded once more in holding her peace. A bitter thought flitted across her mind that her mother did not often pay for anything for her, excepting

for boots and gloves; and they were always a very sore point, as she had had the audacity to grow both hands and feet two sizes larger than any of her sisters, who, like many other little plump girls, had hands and feet remarkable for their extreme smallness.

Poor Margot; everything she was, everything she did, everything she had, looked, said, and even what she seemed to think, was wrong in the eyes of her own people. It is so in some families, it was so in the household at Blankamp-ton which called Mrs. Blair mistress, and which Margot called home. To Ethelwyn, Gwen, and Maudie, fell all the pleasures of their somewhat limited life; to Margot were allotted, by common consent, all the small disagreeable duties, of which there are always more than enough in establishments wherein every sixpence is expected to do the work of a shilling. It was Margot who was expected to count over the clothes for the wash every Monday morning, in company with the house parlormaid; it was Margot who must go round to the butcher's each morning to choose the daily meat, for, as her mother always told her, it was good for her to learn as many useful things as she could, because it was not likely that she would ever have a large house of her own; it was Margot who, when she had a presentable frock—which was not by any means a matter of course—was looked on as the goddess of the tea-table on the festive occasions when Mrs. Blair was at home of an afternoon to her friends, and it had been known for people to say that it was odd such a very smart little woman as Mrs. Blair should allow her parlor maid to appear behind the tea-table without a cap. And to all intents and purposes, Margot might, on these occasions, just as well have been a parlor-maid, for any



pleasure she derived out of the shows. For there she stood at the back of the long table, attending to a stream of wants of this order:—"Ah,—two cups of tea, one with sugar and one without." "One cup of tea, sugar and milk, and a cup of coffee with milk and no sugar." And never so much as a thank you from one end of the afternoon to the other.

On one afternoon, indeed, a young man who had been particularly imperative in his manner while asking for innumerable cups of tea and coffee, was so taken back by the information that the tall, silent girl who was serving the tea, was one of the daughters of the house, and he got himself introduced to her and attempted a sort of apology. "By Jove, you know, Miss Blair," he began, in a weak and fatuous voice. "I had no idea who you were, that you were a daughter of the house in fact, 'pon my soul, no, by Jove. I shouldn't have come up to the table and demanded tea in quite such cool fashion, I assure you."

Margot looked down at him from the vantage of her superior height with a glance of undisguised and unmitigated contempt.

"No," she said, speaking very distinctly, "if you had known, I have no doubt you would have found a spare thank you or two to bestow on me."

"Eh?" he stammered, while several audible giggles rose from the delighted by-standers. "I—I don't quite understand you." "No?" said Margot, still regarding him with infinite scorn. "Still, it is very easy to understand. Newly acquired thank yous are very precious and must not be given to persons of no account, as you took me to be."

As she moved away to the other end of the table, the smothered giggles gave place to undisguised laughter, and the young man, with a blank look, appealed

to those who had heard. "What does she mean?" he asked.

"My dear fellow," said a man, who could scarcely speak for laughter, "go home and think till you do understand; and when you have grasped the young lady's meaning, bear in mind that you richly deserved the merciless snub you got."

So Margot had the triumph of a moment; but the incident soon got round to her sisters' ears and was repeated, with all the additions which it had acquired on the way, to their mother.

"What is this I hear you said to Mr. Brown, Margot?" Mrs. Blair asked as soon as the last guest had gone.

"Mr. Brown," said Margot, "I don't know which was Mr. Brown."

"Yet I am told that you took him to task for his manners, a simply unpardonable thing in a girl of your age."

Margot looked up. "Oh, you mean that little shrimp who speaks as if he had a spot on his tongue and twists his moustache all the time he is talking," she said.

"We shall not have a man friend left if Margot is allowed to go on this way," cried Ethelwyn, in a tragic tone.

Margot turned and looked at her. "Well, if anything I can say or do will relieve you of the society of such a pestilential little toad as that," she said deliberately, "you should consider that you owe me a debt of gratitude, which it will take years to repay."

"The house will be shunned as if it had the plague," cried Gwen, lifting eyes and hands to heaven, as represented by the ceiling.

"Don't be so silly, Gwen," exclaimed Maudie, who prided herself on being better endowed with common sense than any other member of her family. "It is no great thing if Margot did offend little

Brown, and from what I heard about it, he thoroughly deserved the snub she gave him. What did happen, Margot?"

"Nothing really happened, in the ordinary sense of the word," said Margot, promptly. "It was like this—he had been many times to the table, ordering everything as if he were an emperor, and as if I, whom it seems he took for a maid-servant, were dirt. And when he found out that I was the little Cinderella of the house, he got his nasty little self introduced to me, and with much punishment of the little moustache and many By Joves and such like, he conveyed to me that if he had known I was a lady, he would have been more careful of his manners."

"Yes, and then?" cried Maudie eagerly, and feeling more sympathy with her young sister than she had ever felt before, for she had detested the young man, Brown.

"Oh, well—perhaps I was hard on him," Margot admitted.

"Yes, but how? Tell us every word," Maudie cried.

"Well, I only told him that newly-acquired thank yous are very precious and must not be wasted on persons of no account, as he took me to be."

"Margot, you never did!" Maudie exclaimed.

"Margot!" said Mrs. Blair in an awful voice, while Ethelwyn and Gwen groaned in concert, "We shall not have a single man friend left."

"Well, look here, mother," Margot burst out, feeling that she was in for all round censure, "you all seem to think a great deal of this little wretch, but do you really like young men who come to your house and order your servants about as if they were not even flesh and blood? What does little Brown do for you in return for your hospitality? Nothing,

except to shed the lustre of his insignificant presence on you. Surely the very least return he can make is to treat every one he meets under your roof with ordinary civility and courtesy, whether they be your daughter, your friends, or only your servants."

"You unfortunate child!" was Mrs. Blair's comment.

"But why?" Margot cried. "Why?"

"Margot is perfectly right," put in Maudie in an undertone.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Blair, in a tone which she tried to make a forebearing one, "you are very young yet; when you are older you will learn that, although you may be right, in a certain sense, in all that you say, yet it does not do—to use a man's term, it does not pay—for young girls to be going round the world as social paladins, running a tilt against every little insignificant slip of etiquette that any man may happen to make."

However, in due time the effects of Margot's first and only attempt at originality faded away and ceased to be a matter for discussion in the family circle. She felt herself that her wholly spontaneous outburst had been an utter failure, and that both her mother and her two elder sisters would much rather that she had meekly swallowed young Brown's rudeness and also his make-matters-worse apology in silence. "They all think me of far less account than that wretchedly vulgar little snob," she said to herself bitterly. "What is the good of trying to keep any respect for one's self, when one is tied down to such a life as this?"

She went to the window and looked out; it was a good height from the ground, for Margot occupied an attic-bedroom of small dimensions. "What is the good of trying?" she said again, resting her arms on the window-ledge

and staring blankly into space. "They don't care. I am superfluous, not wanted, in the way, a nuisance to them. What a life it is," and then she fell into a reverie about life and the strangeness of it all, and somehow found herself thinking of the sentence which had impressed her so strongly a few months before.

"Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers." Yes, that was what the great Danish philosopher had thought and written! A fairy-tale. Was her life a fairy-tale? Oh, no, no, a thousand times, no. A tragedy, a suffering, a mental void, a want, a blank—but a fairy-tale—never!

#### CHAPTER II.

In this world nothing happens without causing an effect, and Margot's little passage of arms, or at least of words, with young Brown, although it seemed at the time only to have done her harm, proved to be the pivot upon which her whole life turned. To her mother she had now come to be viewed in the light of a person who must be carefully looked after. To Ethelwyn and Gwen she was simply a prig in petticoats, and the very sight of her or the mere sound of her name was enough to bore them to extinction. But, to Maudie, Margot appeared now in a totally new guise.

For instance, Maudie, all at once, became quite friendly with her young sister, and that being so, she promptly set about altering and improving her general position, if not of mind or body, at least of estate.

"Mother," she remarked abruptly one morning, when Margot had gone off to do the shopping as usual. "You are having your at home as usual next week?"

"Certainly," was Mrs. Blair's reply.

"Then Margot ought to have a new dress for it," said Maudie.

"Margot!" cried the two older girls, in tones of the utmost astonishment.

"Yes, Margot," returned Maudie, stoutly. "Why shouldn't Margot have a new frock sometimes like other girls?"

"But Margot is not out," cried Ethelwyn.

"Margot is nearly eighteen," Maudie said, which they all knew already.

"I really don't see," Mrs. Blair began.

"Look here, mother," said Maudie, "it isn't right that one of your daughters should be dressed so that she is mistaken for a servant, it is not right. If you cannot give her the same dress allowance as we three have, we ought each to give up a little, so that she is made our equal." "Preposterous," cried Gwen.

"Margot is your equal!" Maudie said, looking her sister full in the face. "And Margot will be a much handsomer woman some day than you will ever be, so there."

"Margot!" said Gwen, with a sneer.

"Anyway, it is not a question for you to settle," Maudie went on valiantly. "And even if mother likes you better than her other children, it is a shame to make the favoritism so plain that it's a matter of open comment among our friends."

"What are you saying, Maudie?" Mrs. Blair cried, in a shocked tone. "The truth, I'm afraid," answered Maudie, without hesitation. "If Margot really wants a new frock, which seems most absurd," said Ethelwyn, after looking at Gwen for a moment, "Gwen and I will give her our pale blue dresses; they will make her a beauty."

"How very generous of you" laughed Maudie. "You have both taken more than the bloom off them. What a Yorkshire gift! Ethelwyn's has mud-marks all round the bottom of the skirt, and if

I mistake not, Gwen tore hers badly at tennis the other day."

"I don't want to hear the subject discussed any further," put in the mother, at this point. "I am afraid, Maudie, that I have considered you older girls a little too much. That I can care less for Margot than for any of you is manifestly absurd, and the mere suggestion of such a thing has hurt me very much. In future, Margot shall have the same dress allowance and privileges as the rest of you, and when once she is out, remember you must take everything strictly in turn." "How detestable!" said Ethelwyn crossly.

"Simply disgusting," returned Gwen.

"Mother, you are a dear!" Maudie cried, and danced out of the room, full of glee at the unlooked for success of her scheme.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

### THE SCHOOL BOY'S FRIGHT.

JOHNNY GREEN promised his classmates during the day, that he would accompany them in the evening, over to neighbor Brown's orchard to steal apples.

Afterwards as he thought over the matter his conscience told him it was wrong; and something whispered to him the words, "Thou shalt not steal."

It had such an effect on him that he changed his mind, and when he met his friends in the evening, he refused to go with them.

"Oh, you're a coward," cried several of the boys.

"No I'm not," replied Johnny.

"Why won't you go then?" asked Jim.

"Because it's wrong," said he; "before I made this agreement I was under

the obligation to God and man not to steal. I had no right to promise to do wrong. My first duty was to obey God, and while it was wrong to make the promise it would be a greater wrong to keep it. Therefore I shall not." Thus the lad reasoned.

"Well, you'll be sorry when we tell you the fun we've had," and away they sped down the road.

Little Willie overheard the agreement the boys had made, and when school was out he ran home and told his papa.

When Mr. Brown heard the story of their plot, he prepared to have some fun also. So just about dark he put two charges of powder into the old gun. Then hiding himself among the bushes not far from where the best apples were, he was prepared to meet them.

Presently the boys came up the street, stopping just in front of the orchard. There they stood devising their plan. Soon it was settled and all ceased talking. Then into the orchard they crept, to the very place where Farmer Brown had supposed they would come.

Just as they began to enjoy it, bang! bang! went the old musket with the sound of a cannon. For a moment they were paralyzed. But as the proprietor came towards them, they ran as fast as their legs could go and never stopped till home was reached.

They decided on keeping it a secret, saying that Mr. Brown would soon forget the affair and nobody would know anything about it.

The next day, however, when they were all together on the school-ground, the story leaked out somehow and what a laugh they had. The boys felt much ashamed, and were always careful ever afterward about visiting people's orchards.

*Thomas Jones, Jr.*

## SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

## Hunting In The Winter.

How did it happen? Listen and I will tell you. Myself and companion were hunting chickens on the prairie when he told me. Yes, it was Homer. He said a wild beast of gigantic size had been seen in Lake Canyon.

"Come," he said, "let us quit the chickens, and go kill the beast."

We shouldered our shot-guns, and started on foot for the hills. Hardly had we entered the canyon, when tracks made by the object of our search were seen leading towards a large rock on the hillside. Steadily we crept towards the place, hardly daring to breathe, for we expected every moment to see it.

On we crept, nearer and nearer, till finally we reached the spot, and found it had made a hole down through the snow to get under the rock.

"Ah! he is down in there asleep," whispered Homer, after he had poked his head down to see if he could hear a growl.

"Yes," I answered, "and we must be very careful, or we shall rouse him before we get away."

"Now is our chance," said Homer. "If you will stand over the hole with your gun, I will go down and dig through the snow."

Oh! the very thought of such a thing made my hair stand on end. But, after studying for a moment, I decided to take him at his word, for I thought that I could stand there with my gun, if he were brave enough to dig through to the mountain king's bed.

"Very well, go ahead," I said, as I raised both hammers of my gun and pointed the muzzle towards the place from which I thought he would come.

Homer got on his knees and began to

scratch with his hands. He reminded me of a dog that is after a little mouse, which scratches with all its might, then stops at intervals to sniff.

The snow got very hard, so he took his pocket knife, and after cutting out a few pieces, a small entrance was made, sufficiently large enough to look through; but all he could see was two spots like balls of fire. Then, shoving his gun through, he took aim and fired. For a time nothing could be seen for smoke, but the growl of that monster made our blood run cold.

Not until we saw it was a huge, grizzly bear, which we had taken so many chances with, did we realize the danger of doing as we had done.

*Henry Baird.*

## Lazy People.

You may find them in all communities. From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those prejudices which have arisen from considering everything degraded that is peculiar to the multitude. But I have visited places where it seemed as though the multitude were looking down upon the few—in this case the few who labored.

Some people refuse to work because they look upon labor as a disgrace, while others do not work on account of their laziness. The latter may generally be seen standing on street corners smoking cigarettes, or in saloons lounging away their time. They are the people that need the watch-care of the police. Such idlers have to live, and if they do not work for a living they must steal.

In railroad camps they are the men that, when time is called in the morning,

have to fix a harness, or hunt up a single-tree, or something else pertaining to their outfit, and so get on the dump fifteen or twenty minutes late. At evenings they will watch with a heavy heart for time to be called. Should it be their ill-fate to be caught with their scrapers loaded, they will drop the load wherever it happens to be, and next morning their companions will have to move it before they can proceed with the work. After getting into camp, they will say to their tired teams, "You pick up what you can while I go to supper, and then when I get time I will feed you."

Did you ever make observations in visiting neighbors who might be placed among this class? If so, what was the general appearance of their homes? Did you find a certain place for a certain thing? or were tools scattered around the yard, where they had last been used? Such men can never find a hammer, saw, or ax, because they cannot remember where they used it last, and this is where it is sure to be.

I have seen students come home after getting a year's schooling who are ashamed to let people see them work. They will expect parents to wait on them, while they strut around in their cut-aways, as if they were destined to make a fortune with their brains. Such an education is detrimental, and it reminds me of the words, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that by the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. A wise man once said, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

What was it that felled ancient forests and drained vast marshes for the habitation of man? What makes green fields

smile in the sun? What raised first the hut, next the cottage, and then the palace? What power, taking a hint from the split walnut shell, which some boy floated on the brook, set on the flood first the boat, then the ship? What has made our nation the marvelous country it is today, with its canals, railroads, and beautiful cities?

Some may say it is intellect, but with what has intellect accomplished all this?

What but the hand of labor?

*A. D. Miller.*

### The Moon's Tea Party.

Have you ever heard of the two children who took tea with the moon?

"No."

Then I will tell you all about them.

It was a fine evening in June that they went up, and——

"How did they get up there?"

Why they climbed a moonbeam, of course. Haven't you ever seen anybody climb a moonbeam?

Well, when they got to the top they were met by the first star-in-waiting, who smiled and twinkled at them very pleasantly.

"Is the moon at home?" they asked.

"Yes," replied the star, "and tea is all ready; come in. Her majesty is in the dressing-cloud, but will be down very soon."

She took the children into the dining-room, where the table was spread, and then she rang a bell, and sang a song, calling the moon to supper.

The words were not understood by the children, but just then a cloud opened and out came the moon.

She was a fat, handsome lady, with a crown of stars; and she shone so brightly that the children's eyes were dazzled.

"How are you?" she said, sweetly.



Venus brought on the cheese, and they all sat down and ate it. This was the supper, except some melons, of which the moon ate great quantities.

"I eat these to make my light mellow," she explained. The word 'melon' is a contraction of 'mellow one, you know."

"Is it?" asked the children in surprise.

"Yes it is," cried the moon in rage.

"Don't express your doubt, for that upsets my nerves and might give me an eclipse."

"I thought the earth did that?" said they.

"Anything disagreeable does it," replied the moon, hastily. "The earth is disagreeable, so she does it. Hateful creatures, how dare you mention her!" and off she went into her cloud, in a huff.

"You should not speak of such things to her majesty," said Venus.

"Indeed!" cried the children. "We did not mean to vex her."

"Well, you had better go now," said the star. "You may come some time and see us again. There's your moonbeam."

And off she went, twinkling and singing merrily. When the children reached their own cozy little berdoom the shock of alighting suddenly awakened them, and each said to the other, "What did you dream?"

*Lois V. Lyman.*

#### Winter Scenes in Star Valley.

In this beautiful little valley, situated in the south-western part of Wyoming, snow falls very deep in winter. Because of this it is impossible for the few settlers to keep the roads broken during the cold season, but with all their disadvantages, the people are always happy, and remember their Creator.

There is but one way of getting from

one farm to another, or even to church, and other public places.

The father gives the word that it is time to go, then all members of the family who are large enough, get on their snow-shoes, and make ready to start. Smaller children are wrapped in quilts and placed in sledges made of elk skins, which are drawn by the father or eldest son. The party glide over the smooth snow for a distance of six miles to the meeting house. Here the vehicles are stood on end in the snow, making the place, to a distant observer, look like a forest of dry trees.

Instead of the lover seating his lady comfortably in a sleigh when going to a party or other place, he sees that her snow-shoes are rightly buckled. Then away they go, happy and frolicsome. Often, when they are going but a short distance, both would ride the same pair of shoes.

By the men, much time is spent in hunting. They will sometimes go in a body, traveling for many hours in the mountains. Then, after finding a herd of elk or deer, some of the hunters take positions where they can see all movements of the animals, and ready at every moment to head them should they run in the wrong direction. The remainder of the company will surround the herd and start them in the direction of home.

After a few hours of skillful work they succeed in reaching the village with their prize. Here the best and fattest of the herd are killed, and the others allowed to move away at their leisure.

The flesh of these animals is dried, and the long winter evenings are spent eating this meat and telling stories.

*W. P. Henderson.*

Fortune does not change manners, it uncovers them.

## Our Little Folks.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220)

IT WAS not long before Robbie's strange theories about the unknown were shattered.

He was told that the sun was a great world itself, many hundred times larger than the earth, and that the stars, instead of being bright-headed tacks, were also worlds, some larger and some smaller than the earth.

This new philosophy was at first hard for him to understand. He knew it was impossible for all these worlds larger than our own to be inside our earth; so he had to ask a great many questions about the matter before he could understand it aright. Yet by asking these questions he learned many things about the earth which were of deep interest to him. And when he was told he could learn more about such things in books he became very desirous of reading, and early in life formed the habit of reading good books.

Stories he did not care for very much unless they were true. He loved to read of things that he could think about with pleasure, knowing they were true and were worth thinking about and remembering.

Like most children his imagination was active, and often when he had nothing else to employ his mind he would think of all kinds of fanciful experiences that were as foolish and unreal as many of his dreams were. When he would awaken from these spells of day dreaming he would feel ashamed of himself for wasting his time thinking of such foolish and childish things. Later in life when he came across such imagi-

nary stories as "Gullivers' Travels" he was filled with contempt and disgust to learn that men were so foolish as to waste their time writing such absurd thoughts in books, when he, but a child, felt to condemn himself for only thinking of similar fancies. Men, he concluded; were not so much wiser than children as he thought they ought to be, at least some of them were not.

But when he read about such men as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and about the prophet Joseph Smith he got the idea that such men were so great that they did not even look like other people, and wondered what kind of beings they were.

When he was about ten years old, Robbie for the first time attended a day school. He had been attending Sunday school for two or three years before this, and was much interested in it. The day school was held in a dwelling house, and was taught by an elderly lady who was trying to earn a living in this way. She was not an experienced teacher, but knowing how to read, write and cipher, thought perhaps it was an easy matter to teach these branches.

The boy did not learn as much in the school as his mother expected he would, although bright and quick to learn. True he advanced as rapidly as any other member of the school, but that was no great achievement. The fault with the school, was the teacher had no control of the pupils, and the older ones ruled the teacher and the school just about as they pleased. Frequently the older girls (the boys were all small, as big boys would not submit to being taught by a woman) would begin a conversation with the teacher just after the school was called, and it would often continue for half an hour or more before the teacher would realize that she had a school. All of a

sudden she would get up and exclaim, "My goodness! I must begin to hear the classes recite!"

During the time the older pupils were gossiping with the teacher the younger boys and girls were playing about the room with the utmost freedom.

Robbie did not remain long at this school. The progress he was making did not satisfy his mother. He had learned some little about arithmetic from his mother before going to school, but so little attention was paid to its study by his new teacher that he forgot nearly all he had learned at home.

He next entered a school taught by a man, intending to continue there the remainder of the winter. This teacher was entirely different to the one he had before. Instead of the mild and easy way of conducting the school adopted by the lady teacher, this man was very strict and even brutal at times.

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### YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

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#### The Buckskin Mountains.

WHILE ON Buckskin Mountains last summer, I went with my brothers and sister to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. The distance was only about six miles, so we went on horseback. After crossing deep canyons and passing through thick groves of pine, fir and quaking asp, we found ourselves looking down into a deep canyon which joined the Colorado River Canyon. Its sides were lined with cliffs, extending perpendicularly for many feet into the air. A small creek flowed through the bottom. Its banks were covered with soft, green grass, and tall, graceful willows, gently swaying in the cool, refreshing breeze. Here and there along the

canyon sides we could see the water from some small spring trickling down over the cliffs with a gentle song.

To get a more extended view of the country we followed around the side of the canyon till we came out on a narrow point at its mouth. From there we could see what looked like a gigantic chasm in the earth, but it was really the canyon, through which the river flowed. When the wind blew from the south we could hear a faint roar of the river, but it was so far down in the dark canyon that we could not see it.

Just opposite us to the left was a very deep canyon which is called the Bright Angel Canyon, and at its mouth is a very high point, which, from the green grass which grows there in summer, is called Greenland Point. At its base are a number of clear, crystal springs, the water of which is always ice-cold, even during the hottest days of summer.

The scenery as far as the eye could reach was grand. There were deep chasms, narrow canyons, gulches, ravines and high cliffs, some of many colors. In fact, the earth was cut up in a most curious manner, and presented a grand and beautiful view.

The sun was sinking in the west and some of the clouds which crowned the highest points were already tinted with the crimson beauties of a summer sunset. As night was approaching, we took a farewell look at the vast expanse of scenery now spread before our eyes and started for the camp. After going about two miles we found we were not on the right track and were lost; but after searching around among the timber for a short time we found a small trail which led us down into the Thompson Canyon, about two miles below the camp, where we arrived just as the sun sank behind the western hill.

As we came across the Buckskin Mountains next day on our homeward journey I was filled with wonder at the many curious sink holes which occur everywhere on the mountains, but are most numerous in the big park. Many of them contain large lakes of stagnant water. There is one called Devil's Lake, so named by the Piute Indians. They claim an Indian was once bathing in it when he suddenly sank and never came up. They consider it an ill omen to ever camp by it, and always avoid it as much as possible. The outer edge of this lake is overgrown with weeds, while in the center is a large hole, the bottom of which has never been reached. Its water is of a dark, muddy color, and is destitute of any living thing except a few bugs, worms, and a very curious little animal called ohaluta. This animal is found in almost all the lakes, and is a species of the lizard, with a head like a snake. It is of a greenish-brown color, and is very ugly. It will come quite a distance from the lakes to campfires and has even been found in the beds of campers. It never bites, and seems perfectly harmless.

Just before we commence to ascend the mountain on the north side is a large, dry sinkhole. It is partly in solid rock and can only be entered on one side, and that is by going down a steep bank. In summer its bottom is covered with tall bunch grass and beautiful flowers. In the rainy season large streams of water run into it, but the water sinks as fast as it runs in.

There are many other curiosities to be seen on the Buckskin Mountains, and I think one visiting them in the summer will be well pleased with the sights they see.

*Alfa Johnson.*

KANAB, UTAH.

### The San Luis Valley.

THE San Luis Valley is in the south-central part of Colorado, and borders on New Mexico. It was first settled by the Mexicans in the year 1844. The first white people came here in the year 1870. There was a Mormon colony sent here from Utah to settle the country in the year 1878.

The altitude is 7,500 feet above sea level.

The soil is very fertile. We raise hay, grains and potatoes, and some small fruits. The climate is warm in summer, but in winter it is quite cold. The valley is entirely surrounded by mountains. Mt. Blanca is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, which is in plain view of us; it is 14,363 feet above sea level. Snow and ice are on its crest nearly all the year round. There are two mountain passes, one on the east, called Veta Pass, another on the north called Poncha Pass, where railroads enter the valley. A number of rivers are in the valley; the Rio Grande is the largest.

It rises in the mountains north-west of the San Luis Valley and flows down and separates Texas from Old Mexico, and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Conejos, La Jara, Alamosa, and Los-pienos are branches of the Rio Grande. The leading occupations are farming and stock-raising.

The San Luis Valley covers an area of nine thousand four hundred square miles; embraces four counties, namely, Saguache, Rio Grande, Costilla, and Conejos. There are several Mormon towns in Conejos County, with four wards, namely, Manassa, Sanford, Richfield, and East Dale. The Mormon population now numbers about two thousand five hundred.

*Irene Whitney. Age 12 years.*

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## PEICE FOR RECITATION.

## It Is True?

Said the child of the bright yellow hair  
 To the child of the coal black curls:  
 "I do not think it is fair  
 For we little Christian girls  
 To play with the girls like you;  
 For our Sunday school teacher—See?  
 Says your father is only a Jew;  
 An' the Jews nailed Christ on the  
 tree."

The great black eyes filled with tears  
 As the child with the dark, dark hair  
 Said: "But that was hundreds of years  
 Ago; an' I don't think it is fair

To blame us girls with the pain  
 That was given to Jesus by men  
 That we didn't know. And it's vain—  
 So my mama says, to preten'  
 That any one church is the best.  
 We're as nicely behaved as you,  
 And our dollies as prettily dressed;  
 An' my mamma always says true."

So they quarreled and parted with eyes  
 Flashing anger and tears. In the  
 heart  
 Of the yellow-haired child would rise  
 Unbidden—a pain like a dart.

That night she knelt by her bed—  
 As she did every night—to pray.  
 She threw back her wee bright head  
 And her eyes looked up and away—  
 Oh far, far away at the sky  
 Through the unshaded window glass;  
 And she said: "Dear Lord, if I die  
 In my sleep may my spirit pass  
 To you like an angel; and wear  
 A little gold crown of my own;  
 And—my dear doll—I want her there,  
 Cause I hate to be there all alone."

Then she paused a little and said:  
 "Lord, if Elsie was only like me.  
 A Christian, too, when she's dead  
 I think I would like to see  
 Her also; but she cannot go  
 'Cause her forefathers—teacher said—  
 Were nothing but Jews, and so  
 That settles it." Then on the bed  
 The bright little one sank to sleep,  
 But a wee small voice in her breast  
 Seemed ever to rouse her and keep  
 Her feverish pulses from rest.

She dreamed that out on the skies  
 A great, white cross rose to view;  
 And Jesus looked at her with eyes  
 Like Elsie's, and said: "I'm a Jew."  
*M. H. Garrison.*

## OLD JIM—A HERO.

THE Mount Morris correspondent of Thursday's *Post Express*, says: "Old Jim" is the hero of the hour on the George Wampole place. He is a big bay horse, homely, but intelligent. Last night he slipped his halter and presented himself at his master's bedroom window about 2 o'clock, where he rubbed his nose against the sash—Mr. Wampole sleeps on the first floor—and whinnied until he aroused the folks. Mr. Wampole was angry. He had been up until midnight with a sick child and he wanted to sleep, but he got up and led the troublesome animal back to the stable, returned to bed, and was on the borderland between consciousness and dreamland, when crash went the window. This time "old Jim" had poked his nose through a pane and the cold night air blew in. Mr. Wampole got up, put Jim in the stable and used some bad words. Upon his return to bed he told his wife there would be peace the rest

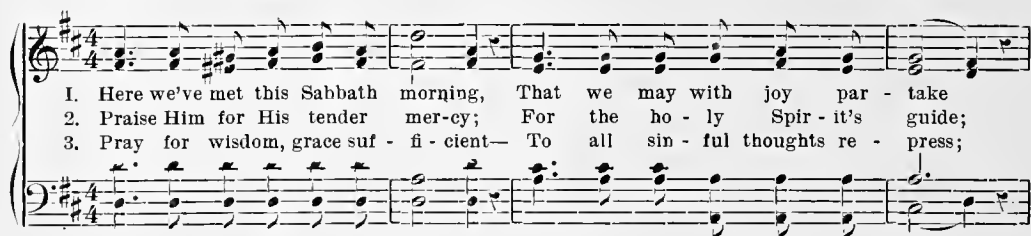
of the night. But it was not to be. For the third time Jim returned to the window, this time bringing part of the halter. Upon investigation, Mr. Wampole found in a back stable behind the one in which Old Jim is kept, one of his horses--the mate to Jim--cast and helpless. It was a narrow stall and he might have died before morning. By

dint of hard work Mr. Wampole pulled him around and got him on his feet. Then he went back to Old Jim's stall and stood looking at him. "Well," said he, "that beats all!" And he took the rest of Jim's halter off and threw it behind the feed box. "Old Jim," he says, "shall never wear a halter again—he knows as much as a man."

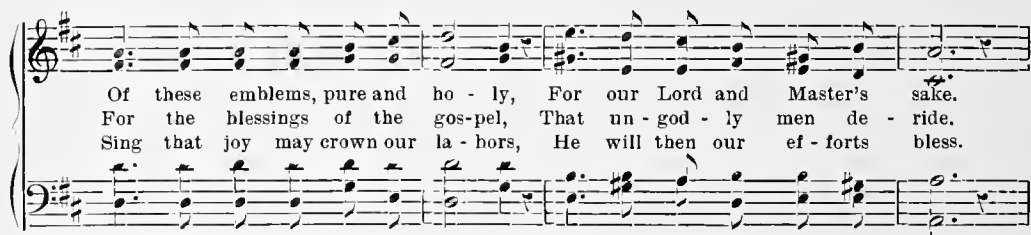
## A SABBATH HYMN.

WORDS BY H. M. WARNER.

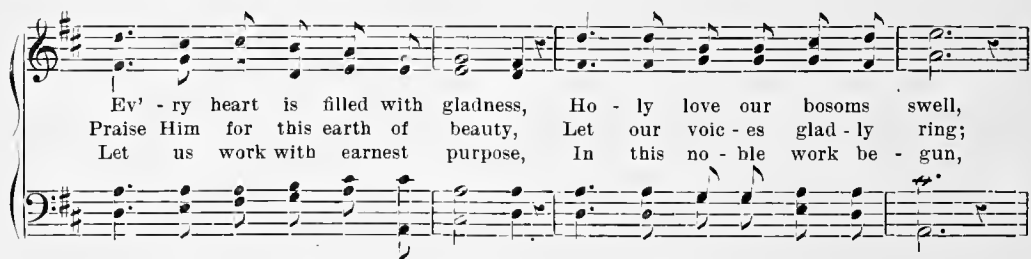
MUSIC BY J. H. HOOD.



1. Here we've met this Sabbath morning, That we may with joy par - take  
 2. Praise Him for His tender mer-cy; For the ho - ly Spir - it's guide;  
 3. Pray for wisdom, grace suf - fi - cient— To all sin - ful thoughts re - press;



Of these emblems, pure and ho - ly, For our Lord and Master's sake.  
 For the blessings of the gos-pel, That un - god - ly men de - ride.  
 Sing that joy may crown our la - bors, He will then our ef - forts bless.



Ev' - ry heart is filled with gladness, Ho - ly love our bosoms swell,  
 Praise Him for this earth of beauty, Let our voic - es glad - ly ring;  
 Let us work with earnest purpose, In this no - ble work be - gun,



We will sing a - loud His praises, God is near us, all is well.  
 Of all bounteous, earthly, blessing, We will ev - er grateful sing.  
 Bearing still in mind the watch-word: "I will have My peo - ple one."

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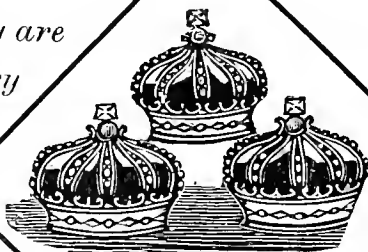
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